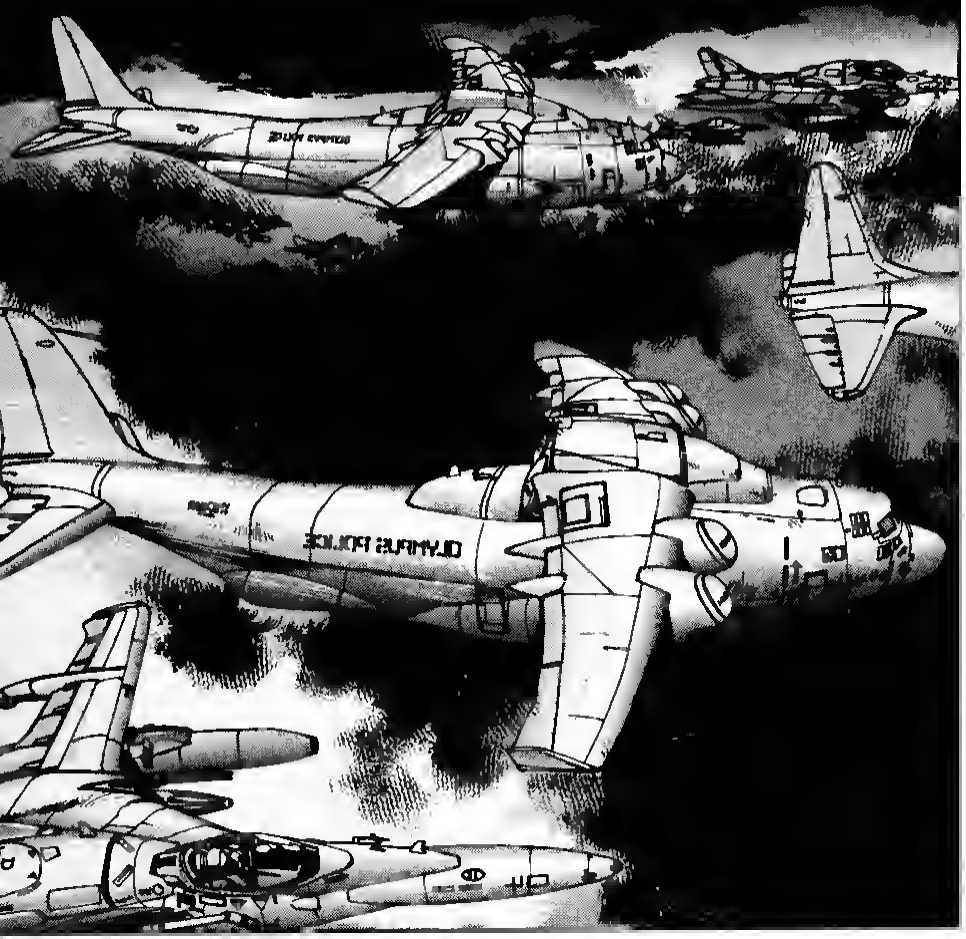

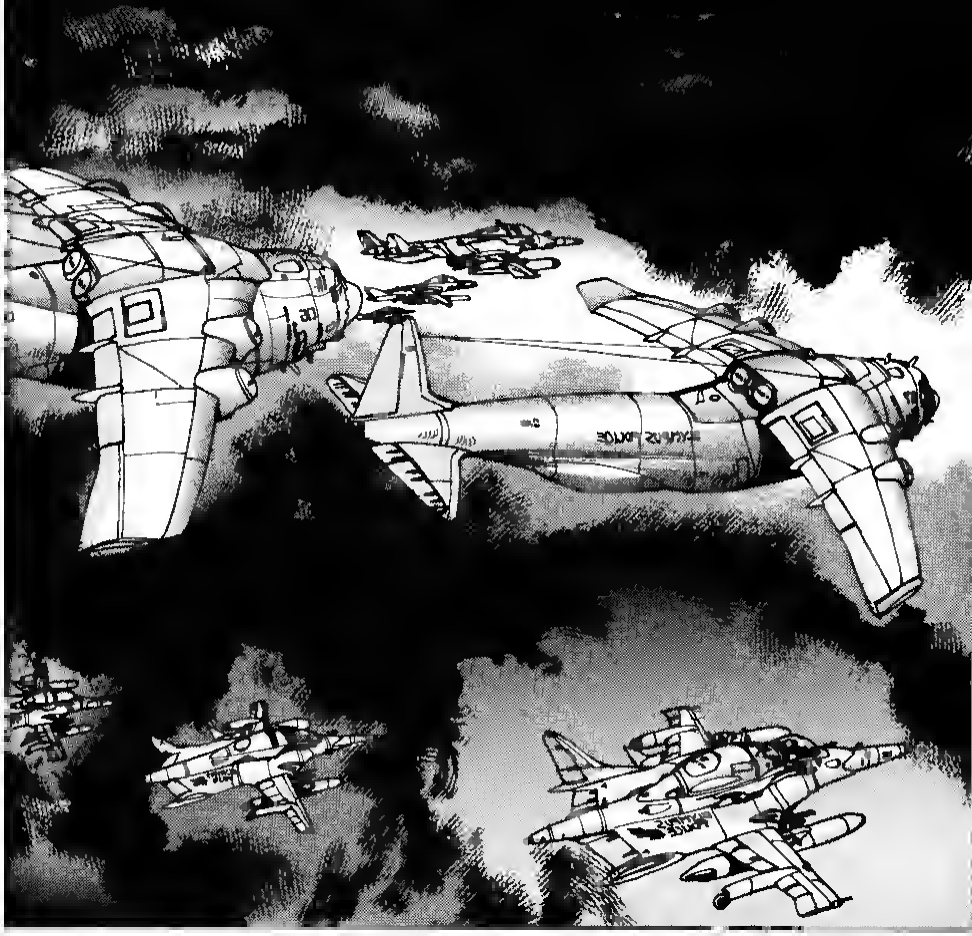

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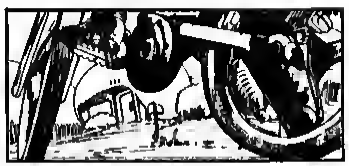
16. LIFE POINT  58

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APPLESEED BOOK THREE : THE SCALES OF PROMETHEUS
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Appleseed™

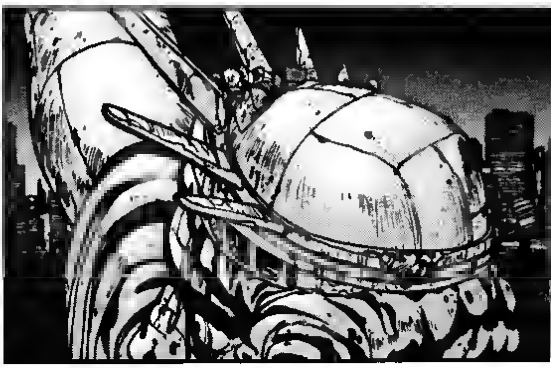
BOOK 3

THE BRONX, NEW YORK

BEZEKRIC AVENUE, OLYMPUS

BEZEKRIC DOME, OLYMPUS

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK



It had been many years since the flames of war broke out simultaneously in every corner of the globe. Accompanied by the vast movement of armies, conflicts spread, merged, grew, escalating into world war. Knowledge was lost. Confusion reigned. New powers rose to displace the old nations. But through it all, nuclear weapons were never used.

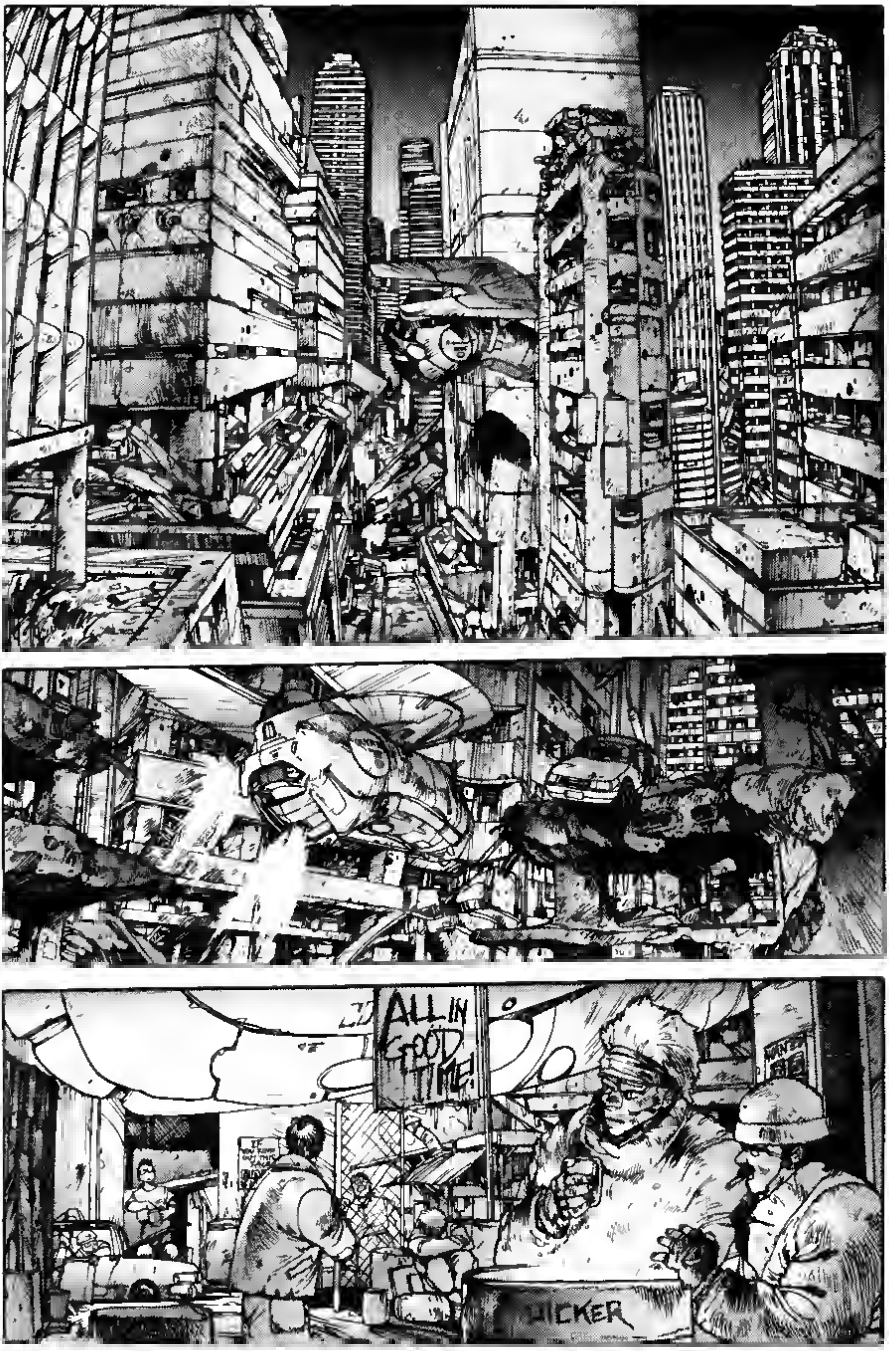
Now it is early in the twenty-second century. The Earth has been unified under **Aegis**, a central management bureau overseen by **bioroids** (enhanced artifical humans) operating out of **Olympus**, a utopian city-state. Under the benevolent but watchful eye of **Aegis**, the nations of the earth are rushing to rebuild from the destruction wrought by the war. Yet people still pause sometimes to wonder how the war *really* began—and dark clouds have begun to gather over **Aegis** itself.

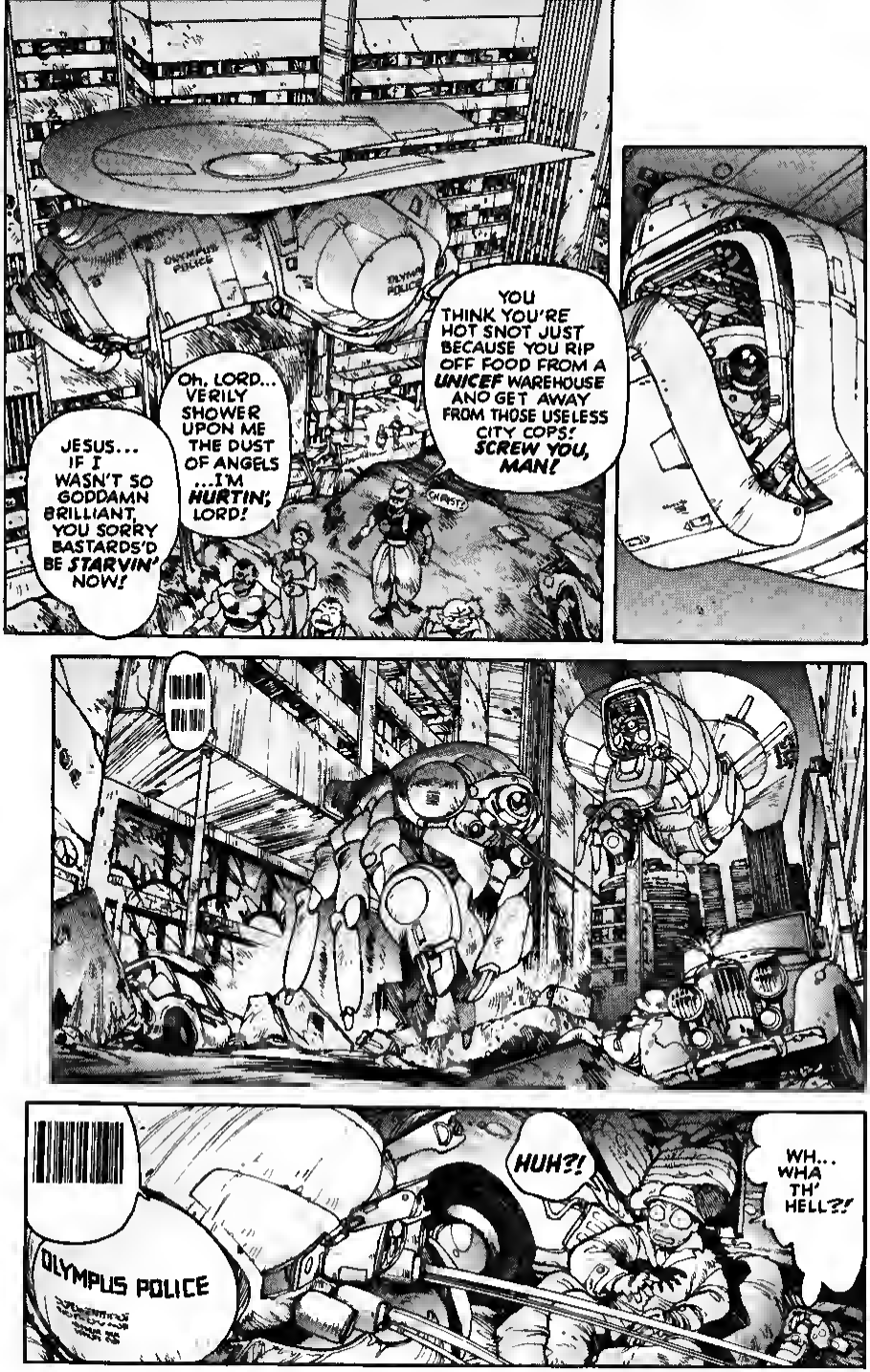
Olympus, too, is troubled. Thanks to their Freedom of Information **Act** and careful public education, the **Hope** plan to make all humans into bioroids has been implemented without the confrontations many had feared. Yet a feeling of unease has spread throughout the city. Those countries that had recovered fastest from the war are ready for weaning from the help of **Olympus**. One thing after another, day after day... troubled, harried days...

SO THIS IS THE BIG APPLE...

15. POINT MAN

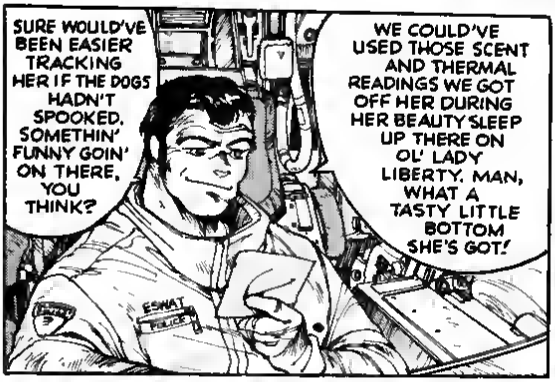
YOU'D NEVER THINK THE FEDERATED U.S.S.R. AND IMPERIAL AMERICA WERE SLUGGING IT OUT DOWN IN BALTIMORE. IT'S TOO FRIGGIN' QUIET. HEY..?
"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP," PAL.

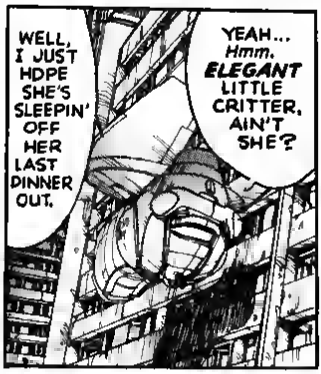

ALL IN
GOOD
TIME!
JICKER


JESUS... IF I WASN'T SO GODDAMN BRILLIANT, YOU SORRY BASTARDS'D BE STARVIN' NOW!
Oh, LORD... VERILY SHOWER UPON ME THE DUST OF ANGELS ...I'M HURTIN', LORD!
YOU THINK YOU'RE HOT SNOT JUST BECAUSE YOU RIP OFF FOOD FROM A UNICEF WAREHOUSE AND GET AWAY FROM THOSE USELESS CITY COPS! SCREW YOU, MAN!
CHRIST!
OLYMPUS POLICE
HUH?!
WH... WHA TH' HELL?!

GODDAMIT! MARTIANS!!
Whew...!
HEY...HEY! SORRY T'FRIGHTEN YA! EARTHLINGS ARE YOUR FRIENDS, HUH? Y'UNNERSTAN' FRIENDS?
YEAH, THIS HERE CITY DON' LOOK LIKE MUCH NOW, BUT IF YA'D COME A FEW YEARS BACK, HELL, IT WAS PRETTY NICE! HEY, YOU UNNERSTAN' ENGLISH?
KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG
THE AUTOBUGS WILL SECURE THE PERIMETER FOR US.
RANMA
KINDA LIKE INSECT REPELLENT, huh? Heh, heh!
THIS SURE IS A HELL OF A LOT OF HASSLE JUST TO GRAB SOME BROAD AND HAUL HER BACK TO OLYMPUS!

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK-- SHOULD WE GO ALONG WITH THEM OURSELVES?
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'--
--DIE PLAYIN' BACKUP FOR THOSE FREAKED-OUT ROOKIES?


SURE WOULD'VE BEEN EASIER TRACKING HER IF THE DOGS HADN'T SPOOKED. SOMETHIN' FUNNY GOIN' ON THERE, YOU THINK?
WE COULD'VE USED THOSE SCENT AND THERMAL READINGS WE GOT OFF HER DURING HER BEAUTY SLEEP UP THERE ON OL' LADY LIBERTY, MAN, WHAT A TASTY LITTLE BOTTOM SHE'S GOT!


WELL, I JUST HOPE SHE'S SLEEPIN' OFF HER LAST DINNER OUT.
YEAH... Hmm. ELEGANT LITTLE CRITTER, AIN'T SHE?

HEY! OVER HERE!

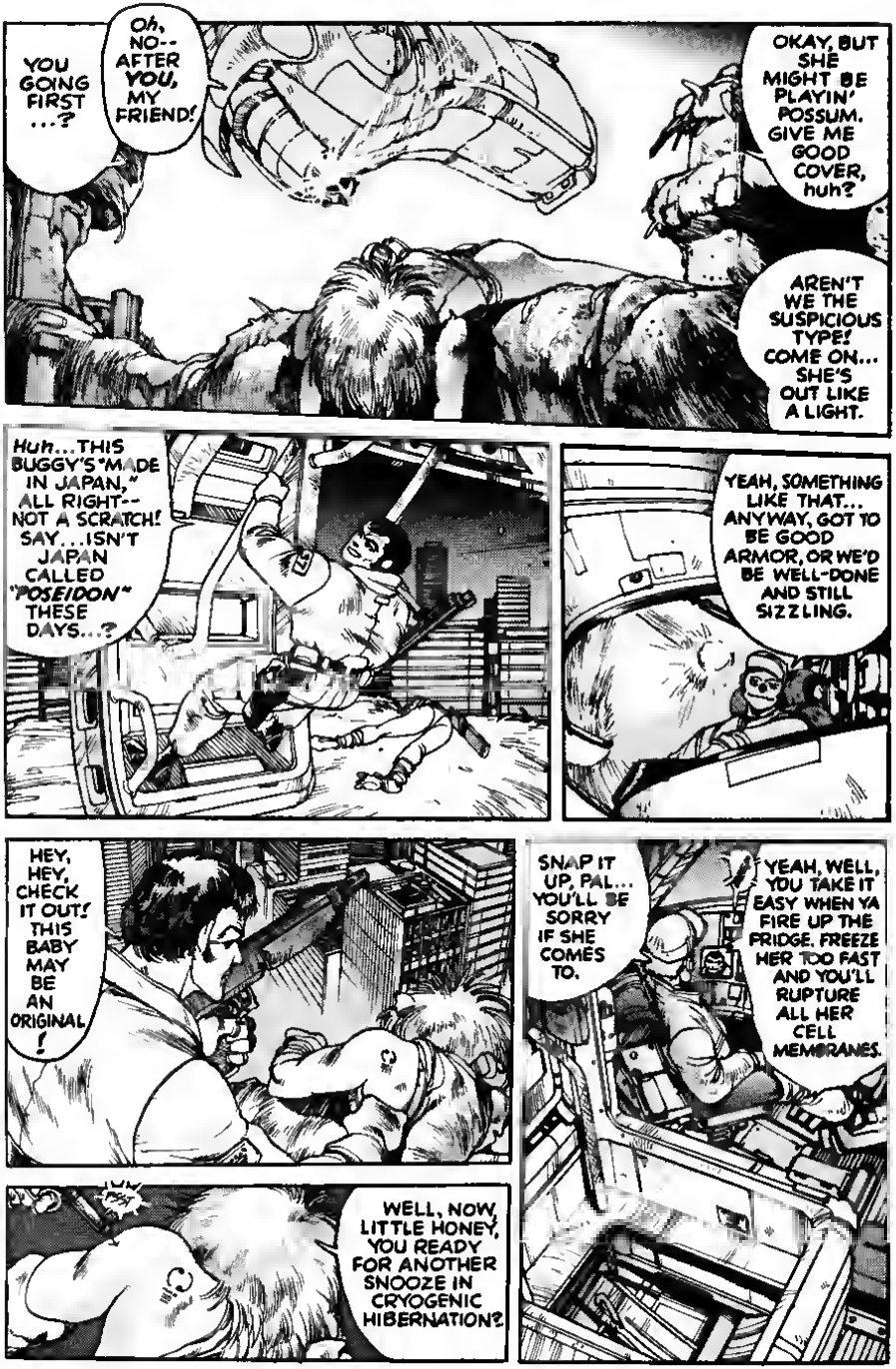
Huh... HARSH REALM.

NOTIFY UNIT 45.
COME IN, 45. THIS IS UNIT 1. CONFIRM QUARRY IS STILL IN THE SEARCH AREA. OVER.
HUH! WHAT'D I TELL YA?! LITTLE BITCH DOESN'T LIKE TO FEED IN HER OWN BACKYARD!
Oh, YEAH? COME ON... THE TERRITORIAL PATTERNS OF SOMETHING LIKE HER CAN GET PRETTY COMPLICATED.
UNIT 1, HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S HER...?
TWO MEN WITH THEIR WEAPONS DRAWN AND COCKED KILLED AT CLOSE RANGE, UNIT 45. PLUS, THERE ARE SIGNS OF AT LEAST TWO MORE BODIES DRAGGED AWAY.
IF SHE WAS A REGULAR CYBORG, SHE'D SURE BE ABLE TO RAKE IN THE BUCKS IN A COMBAT ZONE.
SHE'S A COMBAT BIOROID, THEN?
WE'RE NOT REAL SURE OF HER TYPE, UNIT 1. JUST HOPE SHE'S A CARBONICS POLICE MODEL LIKE THE FILE SAYS. UNIT 45 OUT.
SHE BETTER NOT BE AN ENHANCED BIOROID...
.....

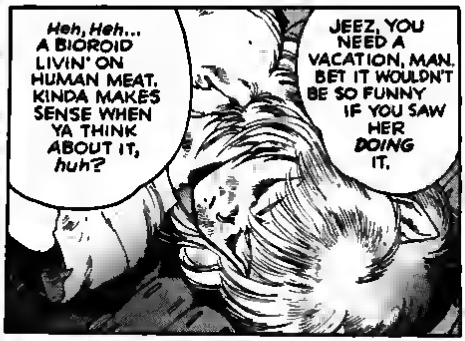
BREAKING PLATO
GRRRRRR
GRRR
GRRR
GRRR
GRR
ALL OR NOTHING--THIS IS LOVE!
UNIT 1, I'M TAGGIN' A SOLO HEARTBEAT ON THE TWELFTH FLOOR. UNIT 5, REDEPLOY INTO TWO SQUADS AND SECURE THE BUILDINGS ON EITHER SIDE--
HEY ?!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
YIPE YIKE YIPE
THOSE STUPID ASSHOLES !
HEAD FOR THE ROOF!
BLAM BLAM
YIKE
Oh, MAN...
Oh, JESUS ...!
YOU LOUSY GREEN-HORN! ALL RIGHT, WE'RE GOIN' IN! YOU COVER THE EXIT, JERK!

AHLKK..
HLRGG..
Oh, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE... HEY! YOU TWO STAY HERE WITH HIM!
IT'S HER !!
!!
KTHAK

WRAM
BOMF
WHOK
FWD


YOU GOING FIRST ...?
OH, NO-- AFTER YOU, MY FRIEND!
OKAY, BUT SHE MIGHT BE PLAYIN' POSSUM. GIVE ME GOOD COVER, huh?
AREN'T WE THE SUSPICIOUS TYPE! COME ON... SHE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
Huh... THIS BUGGY'S "MADE IN JAPAN," ALL RIGHT-- NOT A SCRATCH! SAY... ISN'T JAPAN CALLED "POSEIDON" THESE DAYS...?
YEAH, SOMETHING LIKE THAT... ANYWAY, GOT TO BE GOOD ARMOR, OR WE'D BE WELL-DONE AND STILL SIZZLING.
HEY, HEY, CHECK IT OUT! THIS BABY MAY BE AN ORIGINAL!
SNAP IT UP, PAL... YOU'LL BE SORRY IF SHE COMES TO.
YEAH, WELL, YOU TAKE IT EASY WHEN YA FIRE UP THE FRIDGE. FREEZE HER TOO FAST AND YOU'LL RUPTURE ALL HER CELL MEMBRANES.
WELL, NOW, LITTLE HONEY, YOU READY FOR ANOTHER SNOOZE IN CRYOGENIC HIBERNATION?

YOU SURE ARE HEAVY FOR SUCH A LITTLE THING!


Heh, Heh... A BIOROID LIVIN' ON HUMAN MEAT. KINDA MAKES SENSE WHEN YA THINK ABOUT IT, huh?
JEEZ, YOU NEED A VACATION, MAN. BET IT WOULDN'T BE SO FUNNY IF YOU SAW HER DOING IT.

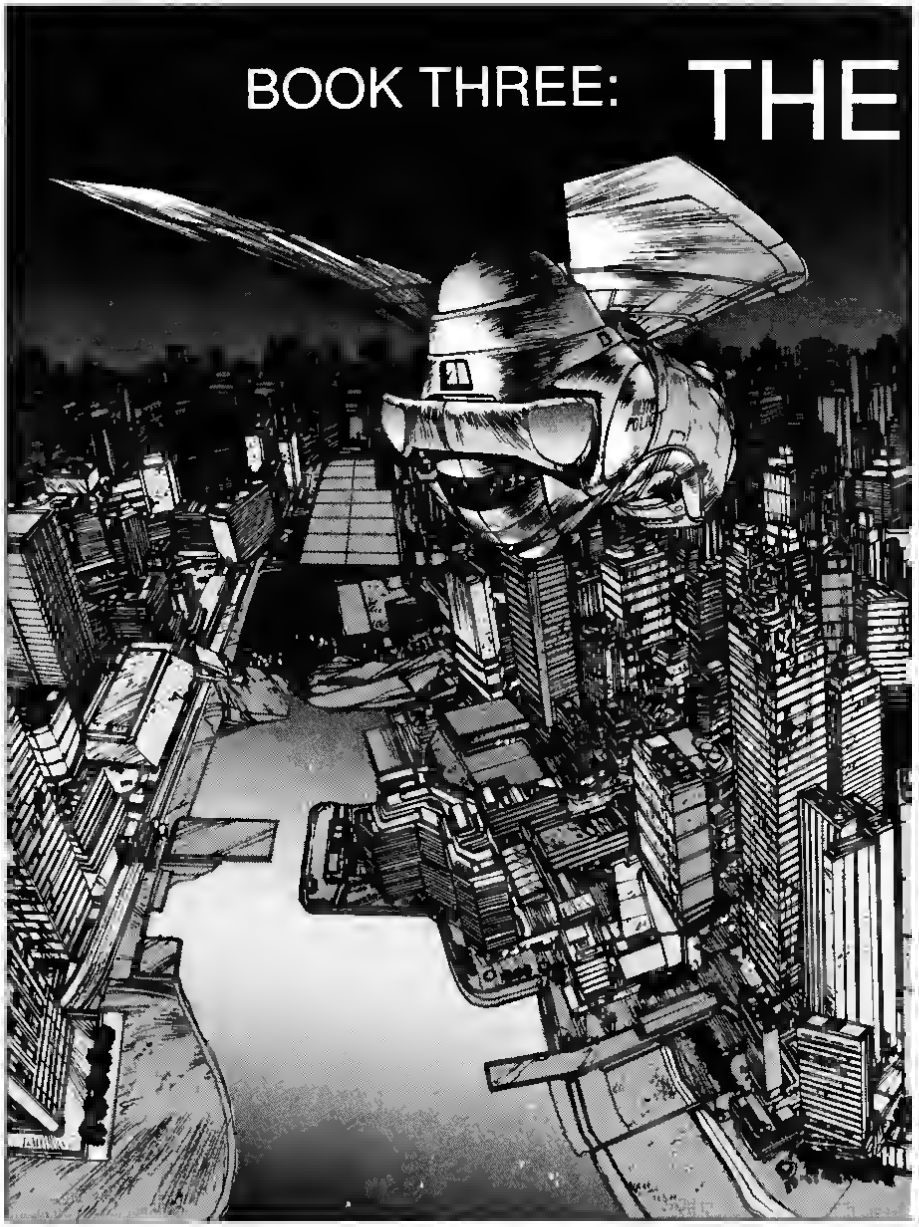
SAY, I EVER TELL YA HOW WE ATE ONE A' THE GUYS IN OUR UNIT DURIN' THAT BREW-UP IN BRAZIL?
YEAH, YEAH... YOU SAWED OFF HIS ARMS AND LEGS, THEN COOKED HIM UP BIT BY BIT.
Hmm ?
BAM
BEEP

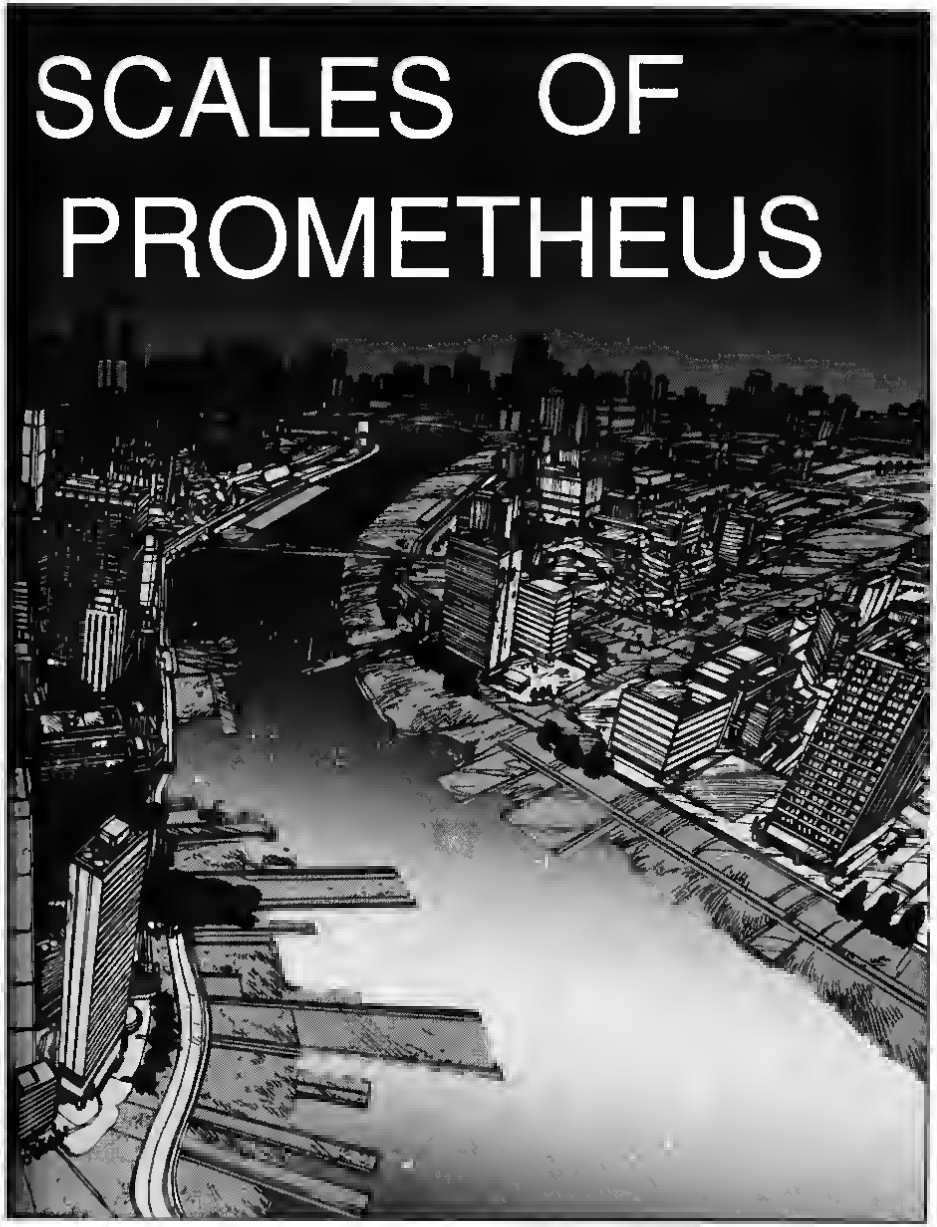
ALL RIGHT! FEDERATED U.S.S.R. SAYS THEY'LL GIVE US AN ESCORT TO THE 70TH PARALLEL.
A KGB/FBI JOINT OP? THIS I'VE GOTTA SEE. BET IT WON'T SCARE OFF THE IMPERIAL AMERICAN CIA, THOUGH.

GUN PLATFORM 4 WILL BE COVERIN' US ANYWAY. AFTER ALL, WE GOT A REAL V.I.P. ON BOARD-- HEY, YOU! YOU THE MORON WITH THE TRIGGER FINGER?!
T-TERRIBLY SORRY, SIR!
AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU BRITS WERE DOG LOVERS... HAH!

OKAY... WE PICK UP THE AUTOBUGS, THEN HEAD FOR THE PORT.
WE'LL BE DEBRIEFIN' YOU GUYS BACK IN OLYMPUS.

LIKE I FIGURED, IT WAS THAT PUNK FROM CII3. IF WE DON'T DUMP HIM, HE'S GONNA GET US ALL KILLED.
M14816
VSSST
AW, COME ON-- HE'S STILL GREEN. GIVE HIM A CHANCE.
I'M TELLIN' YA, BARFIN' BOY'S GOT NOTHIN' IN HIS BRAIN BUT PINHEAD LOGIC AND THOSE CRAP SIMULATIONS. CHRIST, IT WAS ALL HIS FAULT SHE RABBITED BACK THERE!
GODDAMN DANGEROUS BASTARD, ANYWAY...
HEY, NOBODY CAN KEEP IT DOWN THE FIRST TIME. YOU FREEZE UP, SHOOT AT EVERYTHING... YOU KNOW.
MAN, WHEN DID YOU GET SO SWEET AND UNDERSTANDIN'?!
BEEP BEEP
IT'S LIKE JUGGLIN' A COUPLA GRENADES WITH THE PINS PULLED... HE'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR A BODY BAG. WASTE A' GODDAMN TIME!
YEAH, WELL, YOU SHOULD TALK... YOU SENT HIM INTO THAT MESS!
Heh... SORRY. DIDN'T MEAN TO SNAP AT YOU, THERE.
YOU START WORRYIN' ABOUT GREENHORNS AND YER AN OLD MAN, PAL. GUESS I BETTER TEAM UP WITH A WOMAN NEXT TIME...
THANKS A LOT, ASSHOLE. THAT WASN'T WHAT I MEANT!


BOOK THREE:
THE


SCALES OF
PROMETHEUS

SKREEK
99
99

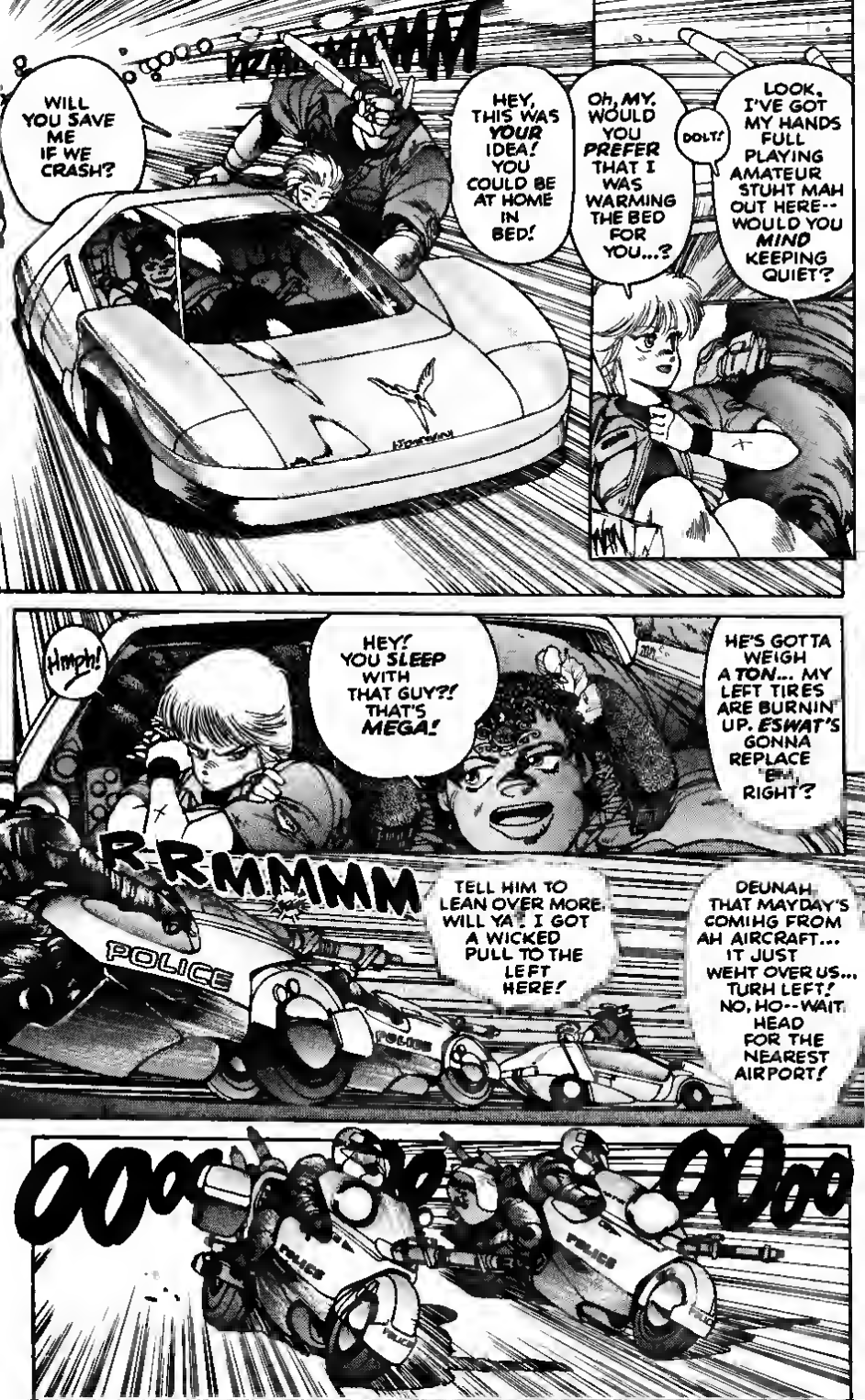
WOAOW! THIS IS REALLY MADE FROM VAT-GROWN GRAPES?
LIFE-DRUG IN IT, TOO?
PURE PINOT NOIR, MY DEAR.
OH, YES, DARLING... FRAGRANCE IS THE VERY HEART OF FASHION... TEE HEE
OLD BATTLE-AXE!
HA!!
ROCK MOSHI '93

Oh, DEAR... LEAVING SO SOON?
SORRY.
MY FRIEND'S ABOUT TO TURN INTO A PUMPKIN.
YOU'LL CATCH COLD OUT HERE... SAY, WHERE'D YOUR FAN CLUB GO?
HE'S GONE... THESE PARTIES ARE SO DECADENT... WHAT CAN THEY ALL BE THINKING, ANYWAY?
STARGAZING ...OR WOOL-GATHERING ...?
Mmm... WHAT TIME IS IT?
WELL, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW... MY BRIAREOS CAME BACK TO ME.
WHOA, WHOA! JUST HANG ON THERE! YOU MEAN I CAN'T GET MORE THAN FIVE FEET AWAY FROM YOU FOR THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS?
I WISH WE WERE STILL BACK IN BADSIDE.
WINE SHOULD TURN TO BLOOD BEFORE YOU SAY THAT--
Hnm?
GRRR

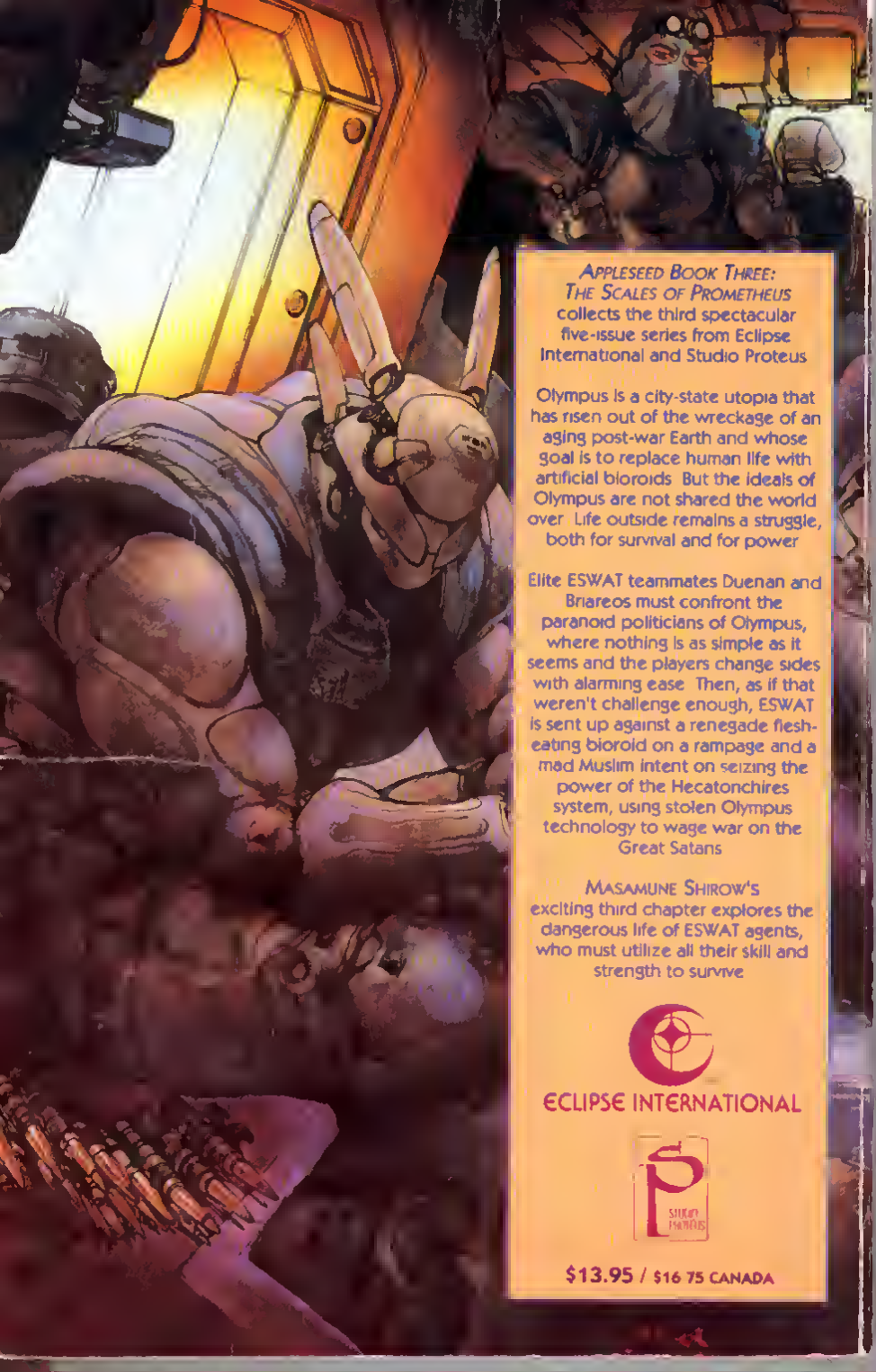
THERE HE GOES AGAIN, HEARING VOICES...!
IT'S A MAYDAY...
BRIAREOS-H
IT'S REAL CLOSE... I'VE GOT TO GO.
Hmph!
HOW COME YOU ALWAYS PAY ATTENTION TO THEM? WHY NOT PAY ATTENTION TO ME?!
IT'S IN THE CYBORG ASSOCIATION CODE. I HAVE TO RESPOND TO SIGNALS LIKE THAT ONE. DIDN'T I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME THAT GUY USED IT TO TRAP ME? NEARLY BOUGHT IT THAT TIME...
THE NAME'S BRIAREOS.. BRIAREOS HECATONCHIRES. HAVE MY COAT AND BAGS BROUGHT TO THE LOBBY.
YES, SIR.
HERE'S YOUR JEWELRY BACK, HITOMI!
Oh, WOW! YOU GOTTA GO ALREADY?

THIS ISN'T ESWAT BUSINESS, DEUNAN-- YOU BETTER STAY HERE.
DROP DEAD!
IT'S PERSONAL BUSINESS, SO I'M COMING!
WOULD YOU SLOW DOWN, BRIAREOS!
I SAID WAIT UP! I KNOW YOU HEARD ME!
Gulk?
Gulp!
您到乃楼 (WHICH FLOOR?)
一楼 (FIRST.)
MMMMM
哎呀..你怎么了?
hff:
hff:
hff:
HEY, WATCH IT!
HOLD IT!
OLYMPUS POLICE

I'VE PICKED UP A MAYDAY! I NEED A RIDE!
BRIAREOS! THIS ONE'S A LOT CLASSIER!
YOUR CAR'S BEEN REQUISITIONED BY ESWAT! YOU DRIVE!
Huh ?!
OLYMPUS POLICE-C
OLYMPUS POLICE
ALL RIGHT! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO HAPPEN!
VRMMM! BAM
MMMM
SO STOP TALKING AND LET US IN!
I'LL BE CHANGING IN THE BACK SEAT, SO KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD!
YOU GOT IT!
YA-HOO!
VRMMM SKREEEEE
COME ON! STEP ON IT!


WILL YOU SAVE ME IF WE CRASH?
HEY, THIS WAS YOUR IDEA! YOU COULD BE AT HOME IN BED!
Oh, MY. WOULD YOU PREFER THAT I WAS WARMING THE BED FOR YOU...?
DOLT!
LOOK, I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL PLAYING AMATEUR STUHT MAH OUT HERE-- WOULD YOU MIND KEEPING QUIET?
Hmph!
HEY! YOU SLEEP WITH THAT GUY?! THAT'S MEGA!
HE'S GOTTA WEIGH A TON... MY LEFT TIRES ARE BURNIN' UP. ESWAT'S GONNA REPLACE 'EM, RIGHT?
RRMMMM
POLICE
TELL HIM TO LEAN OVER MORE, WILL YA'. I GOT A WICKED PULL TO THE LEFT HERE!
DEUNAH THAT MAYDAY'S COMIHG FROM AH AIRCRAFT... IT JUST WEHT OVER US... TURH LEFT! NO, HO--WAIT HEAD FOR THE NEAREST AIRPORT!
POLICE
POLICE

Appleseed
Book Three
The Scales of Prometheus



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